

# Her Golden Hours



*The Confidences  
of a Modern Girl*



Class

PZ3

Book

H41287

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





# HER DIARY



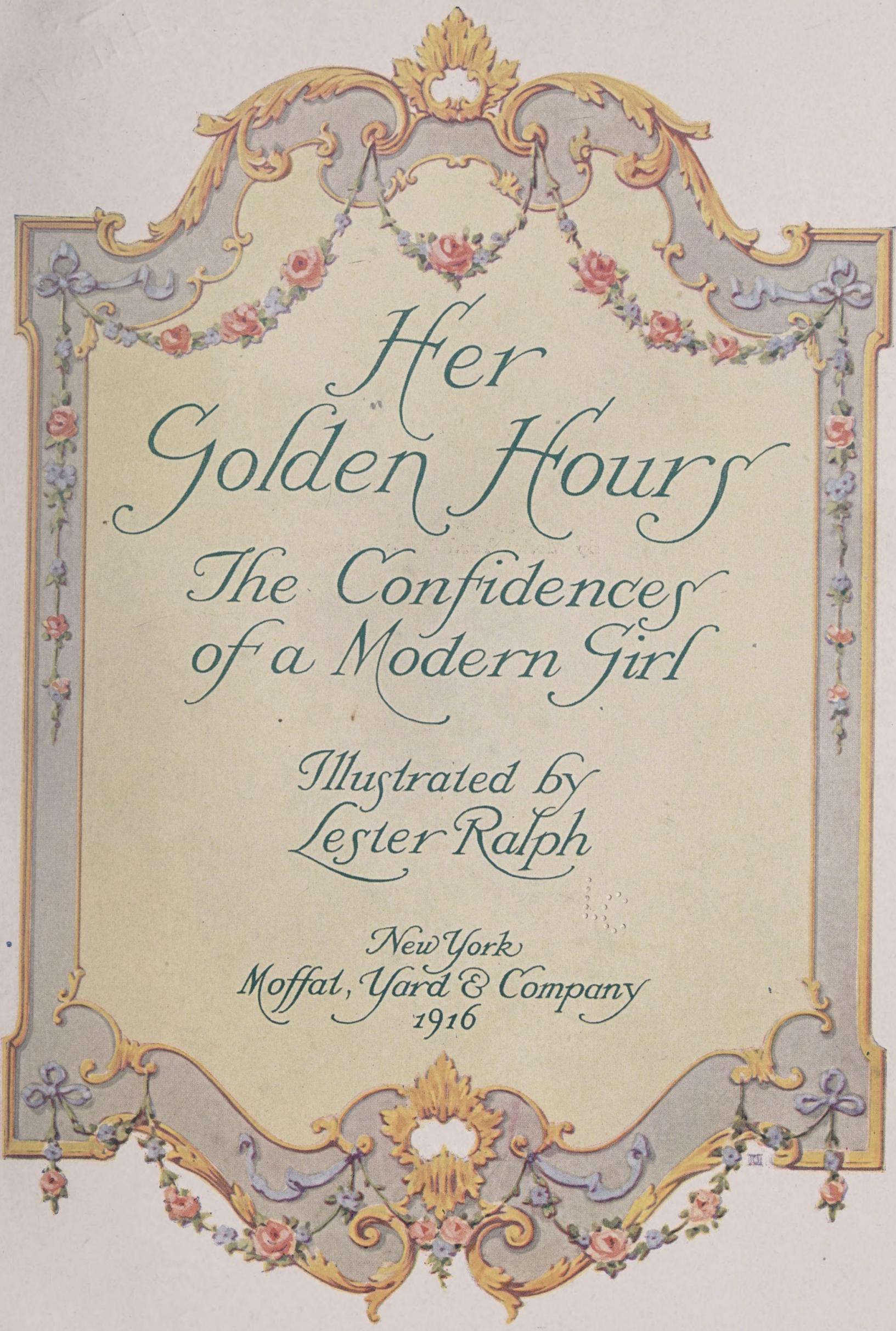




© Edward Gross Co., N. Y.

LESTER RAIPH

Her Golden Hours  
The Choice



*Her  
Golden Hours  
The Confidences  
of a Modern Girl*

*Illustrated by  
Lester Ralph*

*New York  
Moffat, Yard & Company  
1916*

PZ 3  
H41287

Copyright, 1916,  
By Moffat Yard & Company



\$ 2.50

NOV 18 1916

©Cl. A 446511

No. 1.

ms. B. 4. 16

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER ONE

THE HOUR OF HER DEBUT..... 1

## CHAPTER TWO

THE HOUR OF THRILLS.....13

## CHAPTER THREE

THE HOUR OF DREAMS.....33

## CHAPTER FOUR

THE HOUR OF DOUBT.....49

## CHAPTER FIVE

THE HOUR OF DECISION.....62

## CHAPTER SIX

THE HOUR DIVINE.....75



# HER DIARY

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE HOUR OF HER DEBUT

November 2nd.

10 A. M.

To-night I'm going to make my debut, and then at last things will begin to hop. They can't be too exciting or come too thick and fast to suit me. I'm so tired of waiting.

This debut business is perfectly silly. You aren't supposed to think anything or imagine anything, or know anything, before you've come out; and all the while you are thinking and imagining and knowing as hard as you possibly can. You aren't saying or doing; that's all. But a debut is awfully thrilling. It would be a shame to miss it, even if all the pretending about it is footless.

Aunt Blanche is an angel to give me such a gorgeous coming out party. Dad couldn't have

afforded a grand splurge, and if you have to break out of the shell before people I believe in doing it with a crash.



My frock's a dream—white tulle, layers and layers of it—and so simple that it cost one



hundred and fifty dollars! That's some simplicity for a girl who's always been simple on the three-dollar-a-day - seamstress-in - the - house plan. All the same, when I'm once really out, I'm not going to stick to white tulle. I'm sick to death of

being girlish. I'd lot's rather be smart. Of course, I have wheedled mother and Miss Watkins into letting me have some things

that they didn't think I ought to have; but I've been dreadfully flapperish all the same, and now I'm going to strike right out and pick up some style. What's the use of being simple outside when you aren't a bit simple inside? Aunt Blanche says girlishness gets across better than smartness, and of course, she **did** get across. Uncle James was worth three million, and he died and left her every cent of it. But, then, that was partly luck, and things have changed a lot, even since she was married, and it's more fun to be smart than to be girlish.

That's what I want—fun; fun; fun; I'm going to have every blessed bit of it I can get, and I'm going to have it just as fast as possible, before anything can happen to spoil things. By and by I'll be old and stodgy and tired, and then I'll have to be contented instead of being thrilled; but now I'm young and pretty and Dad can afford to let me have a good time, even if he isn't rich, so I'm going to gather in a few thrills, no matter what comes afterward.



Some women do manage to keep up the excitement, too. Maybe I can. There was Cleopatra—and Recamier—and Ninon de L'Enclos—only Dad took the book away from me before I found out how she finished up. Of course I'm not in their class; I realize that. I've got good eyes and nice hair, but I'm not the sirenish kind; I don't suppose I **could** be like Bernhardt, for instance, or Lillian Russell either. They've sort of kept things going.

But there's Mrs. Pierson. She isn't any Cleopatra and she isn't any Bernhardt. She's awfully old—a year older than Aunt Blanche, and Aunt Blanche is forty—and she's positively plain, too, though she's got heaps of style; but she's having splendid exciting times right along—fancy dancing and aeroplaning and poloing and skating, breaking up other people's love affairs, and going into business, and giving society circuses and goodness knows what all. Nobody thinks she's very good; but everybody thinks she's frightfully amusing, and they can't seem to mind about the things she doesn't wear for her dances or about the love affairs. That is,



© Edward Gross Co., N. Y.

## Her Golden Hours

The Debut



nobody minds except grandma; I heard her telling Mother what **she** thought about Mrs. Pierson one day, and it sounded like something out of the Old Testament. She nearly had a fit when she found I'd been sitting in the bay window all the time.

Now why should she care? It's silly to pretend girls can go about being deaf, dumb, blind and imbecile. What's the use of pretending? Mother wouldn't let me go to those Brioux plays, but of course I heard all about them and I've been to see stacks of other plays that were about as bad, only she didn't happen to know what they were. And, once in a while, Dad forbids my reading a book; but Shakespeare was simply crammed down my throat and he didn't leave Robert Chambers anything to tell me. Nobody says a word against my reading the yellow magazines and newspapers; and the people we know are always getting mixed up in scandals; and as for the smart set that Aunt Blanche is so crazy about breaking into—well, Marjorie Wellover's mother has a maid that used to work in one of the way-up families, and the

things she tells Marjorie about the smart set—I wouldn't put them even into a diary that locks.

Maybe it **would** be lovely for girls not to know anything at all about horrid things, but they do, and that's all there is to it; so many pretend they don't?



I'm not beginning this diary properly at all. It won't last a month, if I write as much as this every time; but I won't have time to do it after to-night, so that's all right. The only reason I have time now is that I'm staying in bed so that I'll be "fresh" for to-night! Perfect piffle! I'm always **too** fresh, but Aunt Blanche and Mother laid down the law, so I had to give in.

Mother came up once and caught me doing an Irene Castle-Isadora Duncan combination polka before the cheval glass in my nightie and bare feet, and she made such a fuss that I promised I wouldn't budge out of bed again; so here I am and I've got to do something. That's why I began my diary, and now that I've started

I think it's going to be rather jolly to write whatever I please and lock it up.

Mrs. Benson is coming to do my nails in a little while. I've never had them done before, and I'm crazy to have them awfully pink and shiny; but I know Aunt Blanche won't stand for that. She says it's vulgar. Funny, what's vulgar and what isn't vulgar. I wonder what the Queen of the Fiji Islands calls vulgar. It would be frightfully interesting to know. Sometime I'm going to travel a lot—after things get dull here.

I'm going to have my hair done, too—not waved, but the very last thing in innocent girlishness. Henri's coming to do it. He's the swellest in town now—and a lot he knows about innocent girlishness. A lot anybody knows about it—except grandma, and she only remembers.



11 A. M.

Benson has just gone. I don't think my nails are very splendid, but she told me what to

get to make them wonderful and she says it's awfully old fashioned to keep debutantes girlish. Most of the debutantes she manicures have facial massage and things like that, too. She says that Eleanor Barclay, who has been such a howling success, simply doesn't care **what** she pays for face creams and lotions.

11.30 A. M.

Things interrupt so. I've just had a note from Tommy Wenzell, wanting me to save dances for him to-night. The nerve of him! I won't **have** to dance with boys after this.

6 P. M.

Henri came and did my hair—low and parted and meek as Moses; but when Mother was out of the room, he said I'd be awfully **chic** with it skinned back smooth and done high. Maybe when Aunt Blanche takes her eagle eye off me for a minute, I can try it. Mother's so good-natured I can coax her into letting me do most anything.

8 P. M.

I'm all dressed and I'm to sit here and be "quiet" until they send for me. "Quiet;" I'm



just about as quiet as a boiler factory. Grown-up people are **too** foolish. Oh; but I love, love, **love** being excited, and I've been terribly excited all the afternoon. Flowers have been coming in perfect truck-

loads. Everybody has sent them—my friends, Mother's friends, Aunt Blanche's friends, Father's friends and Tommy Wenzell. Tommy's hideously young. I didn't realize it until to-day.

I look lovely. Really I do. I'm surprised at myself. Everybody came up and looked at me. Dad blew his nose hard and said: "Well, Puddin';" and mother squeezed me very care-

fully and told me not to muss my frock; and Aunt Blanche said my bodice might have been just a trifle lower; and Bella, our old colored cook, said: "Lawd hab mercy on yuh, Chile!" I guess Bella's remark had the most to it.

Afterwards I went down to Grandma's room to show myself to her. I do adore Grandma; she's such a darling sentimental old cherub. She kissed me and hoped I'd be as good as I was pretty, and quoted some old-fashioned poetry about "standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet."

"Reluctant;" I should worry! If she only knew how **my** two feet are simply prancing to begin fox trotting along that river bank!

8.30 P. M.

Three newspaper reporters have been here to get my photograph. Clever Aunt Blanche! I can hardly wait to see the papers.



November 2d.

I'm out! Crash! Eggshells all over the place!

It was simply **too** wonderful. Being IT is the loveliest things in the world and I don't see how I can ever stand just being "among those present" again. Maybe I won't have to. There must be ways of being IT most of the time. I'll find out what they are.

Of course I had to stand with Father and Mother and meet swarms of people I'd never seen before; but it was rather fun—especially the men. Men never had noticed me before; but the dear things seem able to sit up and take notice when a thing's called to their attention—even the quite old ones.

One nice old soul gave me a turn, as Grandma would say. He told me I was the image of what Mother was at my age, and I felt as though he'd poured a bucket of icewater over me. There stood Mother, looking a perfect dear in her lavender faille, but such a plump, elderly, placid dear, just the kind for a mother; but—well, I simply can't believe life is going to do that to me. I don't want to settle down—not ever. I won't. I'm going to keep slim and excited, even if I do marry and get sort of fed up on my

husband and children and things. But, just for fear I **should** settle down some day in spite of myself, I'm going to crowd as much as I can into my youth. I'm all for that poetry about "gathering rosebuds while ye may," because they're likely to get frostbitten the minute your back's turned.

One thing's sure. I sha'n't hurry about getting married, and I sha'n't even get engaged in my first season. It isn't as if I were a homely girl and wouldn't dare take chances. Aunt Blanche says you have as much fun after you're married as you do before, but I don't believe it. Of course I'm going to marry well, and my husband will be able to have most of the settle things done for me; but I'll have to have my own babies and I want four. It isn't smart to have more than two at the outside; but I do think they're terribly cunning and then if I ever should give up and settle down, they'd be such a comfort.



It's a mighty good thing this diary locks. Mother would be horribly shocked if she knew I

was counting my chickens the day after I was hatched; but I can't see why a girl shouldn't think about having babies. If she isn't a perfect idiot she knows it was planned at the beginning of the world that she should have them and she might as well get used to the idea. Why, I can remember planning about my babies when I was playing with dolls, and when I was twelve I'd positively made up my mind to have twins and call them Lancelot and Guinevere. Somebody'd given me a child's book about the Round Table, and I was crazy about Lancelot; but I hadn't a bit of use for Arthur. It's sort of pathetic that good heroes are so much less interesting than bad ones. I wonder why they are? Grandma says Grandpa was a saint on earth. Poor Grandma!

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE HOUR OF THRILLS

November 6th.

Just home from Marie Filmore's **the danc-**  
**sant.** Heavenly time. They have a wonderful  
house and oodles of money and Mrs. Filmore's  
the most fascinating thing I ever saw. She looks  
exactly like a French poster or a Vogue Lover,  
not exactly nice but desperately knowing.

I don't see how I'm going to keep a diary.  
I haven't stopped to draw a long breath in weeks  
but what's the use of drawing long breaths when  
short ones will keep you going?

It's time to dress for the Peyton's dinner  
dance but I'm going to scratch off a few lines in  
this book whenever I have a spare minute. It  
will be fun to read the stuff when I'm old. Ugh!  
what a horrid shivery thought—like rabbits run-  
ning over the place where one's grave is going  
to be.



Her Golden Hours  
The Cabaret



Well, anyway, I'm going to dance like mad while I can.



November 7th.

Aunt Blanche is giving me some dancing lessons with K——. He says he'd like to train me for his exhibition dance partner. Of course I couldn't,—but it gives me a high temperature just to think of it. I'd **adore** it!

November 14th.

Burton Phelps says he'd rather dance with me than with any girl he knows; and he's the best society amateur in town. We practice together every time we get a chance and we really are wonderful. People stop dancing and simply gasp at us when we're on the floor. It's terribly exciting but Burt looks as if he were so wild about me he doesn't even know there's anybody else in the world and I just squinch my eyes up a little and try to get that awfully fetching look of Irene Castle's—the mysterious, don't-you-wish-you-knew-what-I'm-thinking - and - feeling look,—and we're so unconscious of the crowd

that we're beautiful to behold. Burt doesn't care a rap about me and it's only his dancing I love.

If he were as clever at one end as he is at the other he'd be a wonder, but when he isn't dancing he's a pest.

November 16th.

I've been for a walk with Dad. The poor old dear grumbles because he hardly ever sees me and there's nothing going on Sunday morning except church so I didn't miss anything. Dad says that I don't walk—that I one-step. I believe it's true. I'm just living to ragtime and it's glorious fun!

Bruce Curtis is teaching me fancy skating and he says I'm wonderful. It's almost as adorable as dancing and very few of the girls skate beautifully, so it gives one a chance to stand out from the crowd. That's why I'm working so hard at it, but, of course you can't get up and make a hit with your skating just anywhere as you can with your dancing. That's what bothers Bruce.

He's disgusted with America anyway.

Last winter he was in Switzerland and he's perfectly furious with our climate because it won't give him a chance to go skating and snowshoeing and tobogganing down Broadway. You see he doesn't want to wander off to the White Mountains and places like that. He wants to show off where there's a crowd that knows a headliner when it sees one.

Aunt Blanche says he's going down hill fast enough without a toboggan and that he won't have a cent in three years,—but I'll be tired of skating long before that.



November 18th.

Mother is afraid I'll make myself ill and she pokes raw eggs and messes at me every time she meets me but she hasn't the heart to make me miss any good times. If I begin falling off in my looks, Aunt Blanche will take a hand and then there'll be something doing in the cutting out line; but so long as I'm pretty and popular, she won't interfere.

I'm popular all right and I suppose I'm

pretty or I wouldn't be so popular. You can say what you please about being good and clever, but being pretty is the important thing if you want a good time. Of course you can be good, too; but, if you specialize in it, you'll put an awful crimp in your good time, and as for being clever—Well, Aunt Blanche says it's all right to be clever but you mustn't be intellectual,—that clever girls amuse men, but intellectual girls bore them. I suppose she knows but I don't believe you need to be clever until you begin being old. As long as you're young and pretty and can dance like a breeze you don't have to fuss about amusing men with your brains.

November 19th.

Martin Post—the one that draws the lovely girls' heads—was at the Ransomes' dinner last night. He wants to do a sketch of me for a magazine cover, and I'm so excited I can hardly breathe. Of course, he'll change me a bit, but everybody who knows me will recognize it, and it will be wonderful to be on all the news-stands.

November 20th.

Somebody's been telling Dad all sorts of

lurid things about Burt Phelps and insisting that he oughtn't to let me dance with Burt all the time,—so we've had a regular family mix up. Aunt Blanche settled the question. She usually does. She said the Phelps went with the very best people in New York and that it was a great compliment to a debutante for a well known man about town like Burt to notice her and that as long as we were interested in each others heels and not in each other's hearts, his reputation didn't make any difference.

She's awfully sensible. Dad growled but mother said young folks would be young folks. I believe she'd say that, if I ran away with the Crown Prince of the Cannibal Islands. She's a **sweet**,—but I do sort of need Aunt Blanche.

November 21st.

It's perfectly silly to forbid my dancing anywhere except at the Club and at private houses. Of course a nice girl couldn't go to Beals and places like that, but lots of the hotel **the dansants** are lovely. We have a little crowd that goes "shopping" two or three afternoons a

week and the men meet us for tea. You'd think mother would wonder what I do with the things I buy, but she doesn't.

November 22d.

Jimmy Wetherell was introduced to me at the Club last week and he's rushing me furiously. Aunt Blanche is so pleased she calls me "Dearie."



November 23d.

I've had a proposal.—It was only George Ballington though and he's a mere infant and was so scared he almost choked to death.

That's no way to propose to a girl, but I guess boys are always like that. Even the jolly, sassy ones are afraid of a girl when they get serious about her—and they will insist on **reverencing** her. That may have been all right in Grandma's day but it doesn't go now. Girls don't want to be revered now. They want to be thrilled.

George wasn't thrilling. Still it's nice to have had a proposal. I hope it will be a man

next time. They're so much more interesting than boys. Not nearly so respectful—maybe that's why.

November 24th.

I went to Martin Post's studio for a sitting to-day. It's the most fascinating place, and he's lots more interesting than I thought he was when I met him at the Ransomes'. Oldish, but with a way of saying things and doing things that makes them important even when they aren't. Mother was awfully pleased with him. She went with me, and he simply devoted himself to her.

November 25th.

Jimmy Wetherell sent me about a ton of pink roses to-day, with a foolish card about "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls." I suppose every boy learns some sentimental poetry—just in case,—or maybe the florists keep it. I'd lots rather have had orchids.

November 26th.

I wore my hair slicked back for Thanksgiving Dinner and everybody except the family thought I looked frightfully smart. Dad hates it, but mother just laughs at it.

November 27th.

Burt gave me an adorable little lip salve stick case, for a philopena, I don't put any on until I'm out in the hall waiting for the elevator.



November 28th.

If any of the family knew where this debutante child has been spending her afternoons the roof would blow off.

I've been dancing at Beals!

Four of us went—Marie Filmore and Stows Everett and Burton Phelps and I—and it was a perfect lark—gorgeous floor and music and the queerest crowd—the kind you go and see when you're abroad but mustn't see here. Marie had been before and she said there wouldn't be anybody there who'd know us. Not that she'd care. She's the most independent girl I ever knew—educated in a French convent and studied art in Paris afterwards and has an artistic temperament and all that sort of thing. I'm crazy about her, but Aunt Blanche doesn't approve of her—says she gets herself talked about. That's the

unpardonable sin. The reason you mustn't know things isn't because they're wrong but because you might get talked about if you did them. Marie doesn't care whether she's talked about or not and her mother doesn't either. She's so busy getting talked about herself that she hasn't time to fuss about Marie and I suppose she knows they're so rich and important that nobody will dare cut them. She and Marie are great chums though. They even smoke cigarettes together and Mrs. Filmore has Marie's made for her with cutie monograms on them. I suppose it's nice to have a real broad minded modern mother but I believe I'd rather have one a little bit old fashioned like mine—and then keep shocking things to myself.

It's queer about shocking things, anyway. Grandma is horribly shocked at almost everything and Mother isn't so very shocked at things but she won't do them and I'm not shocked at things and do stacks of them. I wonder what my daughter will be like. Probably she'll do all the shocking things and make up some new ones to do. She'll think Beals is too tame for words.

—but it isn't. I tried a cocktail,—one of the lovely pale pink ones with mint in it. It was rather nasty and hair-oily, but Marie and the men liked theirs and the woman at the next table drank four.

Aunt Blanche thinks girls can't afford to drink **anything**. She says it will ruin the very best complexion.



November 29th.

There was such a queer man at Dot Dean's last night. Her cousin from Oregon or Arizona or some of those states. He was so big and brown and quiet and he didn't dance the new dances and he doesn't like New York. Awfully rude, too, he was, but sort of interesting. He said he'd been studying the girls here and that they looked at you with their eyes half closed as if they knew all the mystery of the world, but when you got past the look there was "nobody home."

I wonder what he meant.

I'd ask him but he's sailing for South America to-day.

November 30th.

Martin Post's sketch of me is sweet and I'm sort of sorry the sittings are over. Mother didn't go with me the last time. She had to stop at

Celeste's for a fitting, so I went alone, and she came for me. There wasn't very much to be done to the sketch so we talked a good deal, and somehow or other—it wasn't anything he said—well, anyway, he didn't seem just the same.



There's something about him that's different from any of the other men. He doesn't flirt right out in meeting, but he makes me feel the way I do when I can't put a book down and go to bed until I see what happens in the next chapter.

December 1st.

Mother ordered two more dance frocks for

me to-day—from Celeste. I had to tease and she said Dad would be furious when the bills come in; but dancing does rag duds out so, and if a girl can't look stylish she may as well not go around at all.

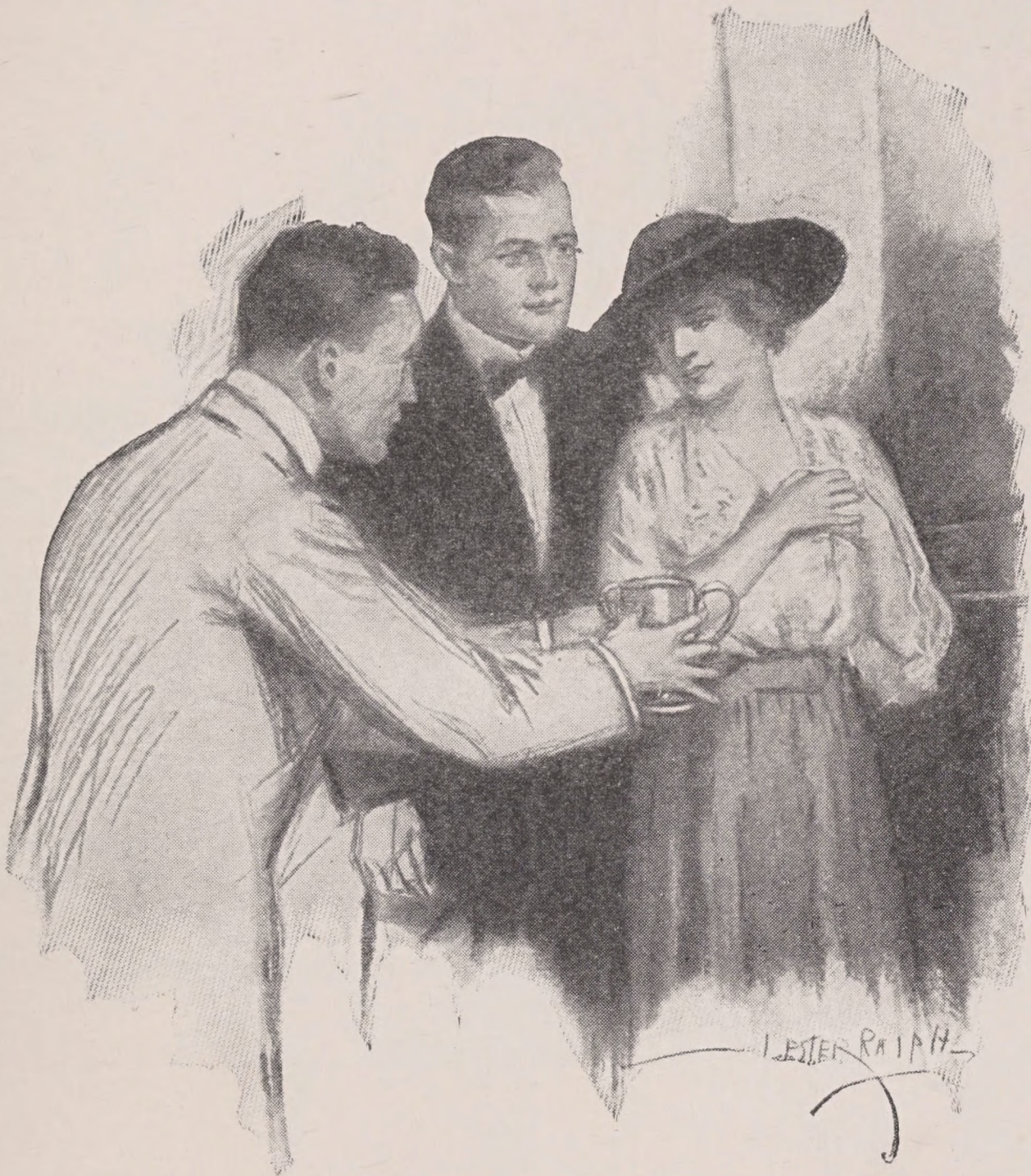
December 3d.

Jimmy Wetherell's sister has invited me down to their place on Long Island for a week end. He must have used thumb screws. I never met her, but they say she's awfully exclusive and snippy and her mother's divorced so she runs things.

Aunt Blanche is so tickled about the invitation that she's given me her enamel wrist watch.

She took me to lunch at the Ritz yesterday and now I'm on to Aunt Blanche. Mother isn't and Dad isn't and I wasn't. We've all been simply wriggling with gratitude to her for being interested in me and giving me my coming out party; but now I know that I'm only a ladder rung. Aunt Blanche is climbing for all she's worth. She has money and looks, but she isn't in the inner set where she wants to be. She's

only fringy now; but if she had a pretty niece married into the right set, doors would open for Auntie.



The Wetherell's are plump in the middle of the sacred social arch. Aunt Blanche is too clever to map the program all out for me. She just casually told me what the girl who married Jimmy would drop into.

You'd never think it to look at him.

December 4th.

I've got a horrible secret and a white elephant. Burt Phelps and I won a cup, dancing at Beal's to-day. The cup's the white elephant. I don't know where to hide it. I didn't mean to go alone with Burt but we met on the Avenue and he begged and I felt larky and Beal's was such fun before. So we went and began dancing, and when the music stopped, if a man didn't come up and tell us we'd won a prize! I almost went through the floor for everybody was staring and talking about us. Then he asked our names and I thought my last hour had come, but Burt said we were Jane Jones and John Jones. I could have done better than that, scared as I was, and the man laughed and winked. Horrid thing! He wanted us to go out and dance alone but I made Burt run. A lot of men knew him and spoke to him and looked at me in a sort of way,—I believe I'll stop dancing with Burt—only nobody I know dances half as well as he does.

December 6th (Sunday).

Tommy and I have been on a cheap spree.

He's telephoned and telephoned and to-day I was so sick of Burt and Beal's and things that I telephoned the poor lamb and we went for a trolley ride and a walk in the country. I believe that would shock Aunt Blanche more than dancing at Beal's. She thinks cheap things are terribly low. Tommy's a dear to tell your troubles to, and he belongs in our set so far as family's concerned but they haven't any money since his father died so he can't afford to trot around in society and I don't see him very often nowadays. Sometimes I'm sorry.

December 7th.

Gladys Minturn is having the most romantic time with their chauffeur. He's terribly good looking and she says he makes the maddest kind of love; but he's wasting his breath on Gladys. She's been too well brought up to run away with a chauffeur. She's going to have all the fun she can for two seasons and then marry well.



December 11th.

The most ghastly thing has happened.

Here I am at the Wetherell's. It's Friday night—almost dinner time and my trunk hasn't come! No train until to-morrow!

I'd like to beat the air and howl—or swear. I suppose a nice girl couldn't swear, but I don't see why. Some awfully nice boys do and I don't believe girls are very different from boys in their feelings. People have just said they were until everybody believes it.

Jimmy's sister is so tiny I couldn't wear one of her frocks, but she's very decent about everything and keeps telling me "it doesn't matter a bit. Everybody will understand." As if that would help when I sit down at the dinner table in a shirt waist and skirt and everybody else is in full dress. And I did so want to make a hit to-night. The very first time I've been in this crowd, and Jimmy's father here—and everything. If I could be terribly brilliant and entertaining I wouldn't mind so much, but I can't. Just about the only things I can do, are looking—and dancing—and I can't even dance decently in these clothes and boots. There are four other girls and they'll all be glad and Marcia Pollard

is pretty, too. Oh dear, I wish Tommy were here so I could tell him about it. He'd be such a brick about thinking I looked better than anybody, no matter how I'm dressed.

December 12th.

8 A. M.

It wasn't bad at all. It was simply splendid. I went downstairs at dinner time feeling like a poor relation and met a round, rosy old gentleman in the hall. He thought I must be a maid—and then he decided I couldn't be, and finally I told him who I was. I knew he must be Jimmy's father and I'd expected to be afraid of him because he does such dreadful things to people down on Wall street; but I wasn't—not a bit. He reminded me of Tommy, so comfortable and nice and sympathetic and I told him all about my trunk and my clothes and how miserable I was.

He really **was** like Tommy. Lots. He's an old cherub if he does watch things and squeeze people and all that sort of thing down town. Most anybody would if he was smart enough.

“Don’t you fuss about clothes, child,” he said “nobody wants to look at anything but your face. “I don’t like low necked duds anyway—never did. You come along in to dinner with me.”

And he did take me in to dinner. It upset all the table arrangements and Miss Wetherell was cross and Jimmy was furious at first because he’d expected to have me, but afterwards he seemed to like my getting on so well with his father.

I had a heavenly time and I actually said some clever things. Mr. Wetherell knew how to make me do it. I do love men that are old enough to know things. If Aunt Blanche would set to work and marry me to Jimmy’s father, I wouldn’t even wriggle. He’s a love.

After dinner all the men made a fuss over me and I danced better in boots than any of the other girls did in slippers and altogether I believe that lost trunk was a blessing. It gave me a chance to be **different**.

Jimmy said that he was jealous of the governor.

11.30 A. M.

This is the most scrumptious place! Mr. Wetherell showed me all over it this morning. He says I must come down often. Maybe, if I behave very prettily, I'll get asked to stay for always. I wonder if I'd like it.

6.30 P. M.

Not quite time to dress for dinner. I'm going to be some child to-night in my new pink and silver.

Ice boating this afternoon. I adore it. Just thrills, thrills, thrills! Fun that has a scare in it is the most wonderful kind.



11.30 P. M.

Jimmy doesn't care who knows that he's dotty about me and his father wouldn't say a word. I wonder —————

It wouldn't be half bad to be Mrs. James Wetherell, 3rd with all the princely perquisites, —but I don't know. Jimmy dances divinely. I don't suppose I could keep him dancing for fifty years or so, though Aunt Blanche says I'm alto-

gether too romantic about marriage—that I want too much with my money. She thinks a little love thrown in just clutters things up and spoils your poise and makes you disagreeable. Mrs. Filmore has quaint ideas about being married, too. She told Marie and me, one day, that it is stacks easier to be amiable and nice to a man you don't care about than to one you're dead in love with, because, if you don't care you can always be calm and reasonable and pleasant while if you do care you are too emotional to make a success of marriage—that hurt feelings and suspicions and nerves make scenes and all that sort of thing.

Maybe she's right,—but I'll take some emotion in mine, thank you. I want my husband to be crazy about me. I'd rather he'd get jealous and beat me than just be humdrum and considerate. Most married people seem so bored and resigned to it. I won't mind quarreling, if the quarrels are about interesting things like other men or other girls or something like that, but I'd simply loathe rowing over sordid things like money.

Poor old Dad. I'm sort of sorry about those bills. Mother and I are expensive and he doesn't get much out of it. It'll be a good thing for him when I'm married off.

Jimmy will have heaps of money. I wonder if he'd be nice about spending it on his wife.

## CHAPTER THREE

### THE HOUR OF DREAMS

December 16th.

Jimmy kissed me last night and I didn't mind at all. I liked it.

We had gone to Dot Dean's dinner and theater party and after the theater there was a mixup about the motor cars, so Jimmy brought me home in a taxi.

He'd been awfully sentimental all evening and the play was the adorable intense kind that gives you the shivers. Mrs. Dean didn't think it was just the right sort for a debutante crowd, but Dot said she might as well show us something we'd enjoy as long as they were spending the money and I guess everybody enjoyed it all right. I did.

There's a love scene in the last act that would pump thrills into a wooden Indian, and when Jimmy held my hand all through it, I was



Her Golden Hours  
At The Opera



downright grateful to him. I felt as if I positively must hold hands with somebody and we were in the back of the box.

Plays like that make one dreadfully dissatisfied with having plain little lukewarm emotions. I wonder if real people ever do have their hearts all torn to pieces and throw the world away for love and all that sort of thing. Perhaps they do, but the trouble is that it isn't in a last act, and they have to go on living and they can't keep at boiling point forever.

Maybe the everyday, stodgy kind of love is safer, but the stage kind would be heavenly while it lasted. When the curtain went down to-night I could have been crazy about most anybody—and Jimmy was right there.

Then he brought me home in the taxi and—well, anyway he kissed me. He was going to do it again, but, all of a sudden, Tommy popped into my mind, from nowhere. I knew exactly what he thought about girls that ———

And so I turned on Jimmy and rent him. That doesn't sound right. Maybe its rended, but that's what I did and it wasn't fair either.

I don't believe girls **are** fair very often. They aren't even honest with themselves. I try to be, —but down in my little inside heart, I knew that I hadn't minded being kissed.



There! It sounds horrid, but it's true.

I don't believe many girls **do** get kissed unless they're perfectly willing. Everybody pretends it's a game the men have made up but I don't have to pre-

tend in a diary.

All the same, I was nasty to Jimmy; and, before he could get his breath, the cab had stopped at our door. I didn't even say good night—

just flew up here to my room and threw myself on the bed and cried and cried.

I don't know exactly what I was crying about; but I suppose it was because I'd let a man I didn't love kiss me—and had liked it. The funniest thing about it all was that I did feel terribly in love and yet all the time I knew I **wasn't** in love with Jimmy or with anybody in particular. It was only the play. I guess maybe Miss Dean was right about that play.



December 17th.

Jimmy has proposed.

He says he can't live without me.

I wish I loved him but he has such a ridiculous way of scrooging up his nose.

December 18th.

I'm having a dreadful time with Jimmy. He thinks I must be in love with him because I let him kiss me. Silly! As if he hadn't kissed heaps of girls he wasn't in love with and been proud of it; sometimes I hate being a girl.

December 19th.

Oh dear, I wish I could marry Jimmy and get him off my mind.

I'd adore the things he could give me,—but that little moustache of his is too foolish. I suppose he'd shave it for me, but even then——

Some women **must** have big splendid-raging chills-and-fever love affairs. The story affairs. The story writers and play writers can't make up the whole thing; but I can't imagine any of the nice sensible married people I know having ever had tremendous thrills about each other. Dad and mother for instance. They're happy together I guess; but it's awfully breakfast foody. I don't want to be contented. I want to feel things—big scary, glorious things. There must be something, somewhere that could make one forget about money and moustaches.

December 21st.

Aunt Blanche bothers the life out of me—pointing out the glories I'll come into when I take Jimmy, cars and town house and country places and jewels and social position and clothes.

Honestly, if I balk, I believe she'll bring suit for damages and try to recover the price of my coming out party.

December 22d.

Thank goodness, it's all settled. I've told Jimmy I won't be engaged to him this year; but I've promised I won't engage myself to anybody else and that I'll see a lot of him and he's to propose to me again next fall if he feels the same way then.

Wouldn't it be awful if he didn't feel the same way then? I must see to that.

December 23d.

I'm so much happier, It's going to be a great comfort not to feel any responsibility about Jimmy and yet to have him waiting in the Spring. There's no telling what wonderful thing may come to me in a year. Didn't I say girls weren't fair?



January 1st.

We've had a most awful row in the family. It's the first of the month.

Mother always does get nervous and scared along about that time and Dad always has a grouch for a week after the first; but it's never been just like this before. I've had such a heap of things and Lucette's bill had been piling up and mother hadn't had the nerve to give it to Dad. Then last week Lucette called up and dunned us over the telephone. That did bother us and I suppose mother decided she must make the plunge.

But I forgot all about the first of the month and I wanted to coax Dad into letting us have a house at Southampton for the summer; so I got up early and put on the blue frock he likes and fluffed my hair out the way he wants me to wear it and went down to breakfast with the family. He loves to have me get up for breakfast with him.

I tripped into the dining room and kissed Dad's bald spot and was starting in to be his own sunshine girl and work around to the Long Island house, when he took one of Lucette's grey envelopes from the mail beside his plate—and the dam burst! I'll admit it was a splendid

burst of dams. I wouldn't have believed it was in Dad. He's always been such a patient good-natured old dear; but he fairly thundered and pounded the table. Mother began to cry and I sat glued to my chair and google-eyed with astonishment. He said we'd gone the limit and that he wouldn't stand any more and that he'd tried to do right by us and there was no satisfying us—and things about heartlessness and vanity and extravagance and horse leeches, daughters and stocks that I can't remember.

Then finally he shoved his chair back and said we'd go up to the farm this summer, that's where we'd go and we'd wear our old clothes and board with Uncle Jim for ten dollars a week apiece and he'd camp out here in the house and eat at Childs; and, with that, he slammed out of the room and banged the door.

Mother's crying yet, but that won't do any good.

I wonder if Dad's sick? Being a fond parent and an indulgent husband **isn't** a cinch and that's a fact. Why on earth do men move heaven and earth to let themselves in for it?

January 2d.

Dad's still all of a glower. I've got just thirty-two cents and my allowance isn't due for three weeks and I don't dare mention money. That leaves me ten cents a week for necessities and two cents for three weeks' luxuries.

January 3d.

I've just decided what to do with my two cents. I'll buy a stamp and revel in the luxury of writing to Tommy and telling him what a rotten old world this is.



January 4h.

I wrote to Tommy—ten pages—and told him how disgusted I am with living and how tired I am of trying to seem and be and do more than I really can,—only I told him about it with frills and I didn't say anything about the family fracas. I had an awful suspicion Tommy might sympathize with Dad and I wanted all his sympathy myself.

January 5th.

Tommy called up and he's mortally blue,

too; so I promised to cut out Ted at the Plaza with a crowd, and we're going up to the Metropolitan Museum to be blue together. This is a "free" day.

(Same evening).

Tommy and I had the heavenliest time. There weren't many other people there and we found a seat in a room where there wasn't a blessed thing any ordinary sensible person could be interested in, so we weren't interrupted much.

We talked about serious things, perfectly wonderful things, until I felt as if I'd never be vain and silly and cheap again in my life. Yes; I might as well own up that lots of the things I do and think are just plain cheap!

Tommy always makes me feel that way

January 10th (Sunday).

I went to church this morning. It wasn't a bit bad either only the minister preached like and X-ray machine and showed up every bump and break in my trashy, deformed, little soul. I believe I'll cut out frivolling for a while and try

to do something fine for somebody. Some of the things Dad said the other day stick in my mind. Tommy doesn't butter me up any either.

January 11th.

Grandma's got a phonograph. She's crazy about it and I go up and run it for her, but all her records are the queer, old fashioned things,—hymns and "Annie Laurie" and songs like that. Some of them are sweet though.

Dad brought her "My Old Kentucky Home" to-day and she cried like anything when I played it. I felt weepy myself, though I wasn't homesick for any place in particular. I don't believe I'd ever heard the whole tune together before,—only the one where they play a few bars of "Old Kentucky Home" and then rag it.

That's the way we do with everything now. The minute we start in to have any nice sentimental feelings we cut them off short and rag them.

Dad says nobody's homesick any more and that it's small wonder when you consider the homes.

He doesn't seem to get over his grouch.  
I believe I'm tired of rag time. Maybe I  
need a tonic.



January 12th.

Maude Teller gave a luncheon for all our



class yesterday  
and it was bully  
to see all the  
girls together  
again — e v e n  
the ones I didn't  
like.

Little J a n e  
Howard is mar-  
ried. That  
baby thing!  
And she's got  
a brand new ba-  
by of her own,  
too!

She's only two months older than I and  
it seems so queer to think she's all settled down

but she's the happiest thing I ever saw. She just shines from inside.

I thought she must have married awfully well from the way she looked and talked, but she didn't. He's only a young lawyer and he hasn't much practice yet. They lived in a flat up in Harlem right at first but now they've taken a tiny house out in Hackensack, on account of the baby. It sounds ghastly but Jane thinks it's Paradise and her baby must be sweet. She had its picture in a locket and when she showed it to me her inside shineness fairly came out and lighted up the room.

It must be wonderful to have a baby of one's own. I hope mine will have little soft curls but I suppose I'll love it even if it's perfectly bald.

We all talked about babies for quite a while and part of the crowd wasn't for them at all, but most of the girls said they'd be willing to have one. Jane just sat and smiled as if she knew a secret.

We talked about men a good deal, too, Girls always do. Some of the crowd thought men were fine—finer in a good many ways than

girls and some others thought men were a pretty punk lot. The pretty girls seemed to be worse down on the creatures than the plain ones. I suppose men don't bother enough about homely girls to show them anything except nice, shiny veneer, but a pretty girl finds out what's underneath.

Maybe it would be more restful to be plain—but who wants to rest?

Jane's the only one of the class that has a baby, but Clara Emerson is married and Bertha Mowbray is going to be married in June. They aren't as shiny eyed about it as Jane. I wonder whether her shine is the man or the baby?

January 13th.

I keep thinking about little Jane Howard. I don't see how her husband does it on a few clients.

Her suit wasn't much, but nobody noticed that because her face was so happy.

January 14th.

Some of the class girls are working,—suf-

frage and settlement and charity and things like that. I'd love to do a lot of good if I weren't so horribly busy.

Florence Pierce is running a shop—a garden shop; but she has to sell other things, too, in winter. She's supporting herself because she won't be a parasite and she's having a heavenly time.

January 15th.

Florence Pierce's garden shop is the duckiest place!

There's no use talking. I've got to have a garden—a cozy little one with lattices and bay trees and a bird bath and a sun dial and heaps and heaps of flowers for the house. I'll go out and pick the flowers myself. There are such darling garden hats and aprons to wear. I want a smelly garden—mignonette and stocks and heliotrope and lilies,—and a tree with a seat around it and a high hedge and a gate and—well, somebody to come through the gate and go back to the house with me. Not a big house, just a cunning one to match the garden.

January 16th.

I believe I'd be a good housekeeper if I had a little house of my own. I'd get Bella to teach me how to cook some heavenly things—only of course I'd have to have a cook and a maid.



January 17th.

Oh dear, I wish whatever is going to happen to me would wake up and happen. I'm tired of dancing around.

January 18th.

Four months ago I thought that settling down must be the worst thing in the world, but I don't believe it would be so bad. I don't suppose that snippy old gardener of Mr. Wetherell's would let me pick a rose in his gorgeous garden if I were perishing for one,—and as for hanging up bird houses in the front trees —;

I wish Aunt Blanche would marry Jimmy herself. She could do it if she'd put half the energy into it she puts into prodding me.

I want a nice little house and a nice little garden and a nice little baby and a nice big hus-

hand,—something like Tommy only with more money. Heavens, I must be horribly tired!

January 19th.

I've been out to Hackensack to see Jane. Her baby's a love, but her house is dreadfully small and not a bit the gardeny kind.

Jane's house wasn't as encouraging as I thought it would be.

I wish I knew just how much money one has to have for happiness. It would be hideous to scrimp but I don't believe you really have to have as much as Aunt Blanche says you do. My heart's absolutely set on a car, but I'd be willing to get along with the \$1600. kind.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE HOUR OF DOUBT

January 20th.

Such larks! I met a charmer last night. He's desperately amusing and on top of that he has a title, and on top of that, I made a tremendous hit with him. He wants to call and he wants to dance with me and he wants me to motor with him and Heaven knows what he doesn't want, — all in one evening. A title doesn't amount to much but it *is* stimulating. I'm tingly all over with excitement and I'm not so awfully keen about a gardeny little house. My fancy is playing around a chateau. I've been having funny impossible dreams of ideal happiness lately—but, piffle, back I go—breaking my tune of sentiment and “ragging” it all.

January 21st.

Being rushed by a Count is furiously interesting. Everybody's talking and mother's all

of a twitter, and Aunt Blanche is quite upset. Even Grandma's interested; but Dad's just plumb disgusted. Somebody told him once



t h a t a  
F r e n c h  
C o u n t w h o  
c a m e o v e r  
h e r e a n d  
m a r r i e d  
m o n e y ,  
w o r e p i n k  
b r o c a d e d  
s a t i n c o r -  
s e t s .

That settled the old nobility for Dad.

Tommy's disgusted too, and Jimmy's so

surprised and bewildered that he's funny. He was leading the field so easily on the money basis

that he felt absolutely safe, and now here's foreign competition coming in.

They needn't any of them worry, though. Count Fongeres is crazy about me and he does make plain American flirtation look anaemic; but he isn't so crazy that he doesn't know Dad's rating in Dun's—and it isn't good enough.

January 22d.

Aunt Blanche is in raptures over Count Fongeres. He knows kings and queens and calls Dukes by their first names—when he's across the ocean from them. Aunt Blanche's ambitions never soared to court circles before, and she isn't as sensible as usual. It's a comfort though to have her stop harping on Jimmy. She says now that the Wetherells are "bourgeois." What do you know about that!

January 23d.

The plot thickens. Count Fongeres has told Aunt Blanche he's in love with me, but he wants to know whether she'll give me a dot. Some class to these noble lovers. Poor Aunt Blanche. She'd love to buy him for me, but she

doesn't feel as if she could afford it. He's quite an expensive little Count, it seems.

I met Tommy on the Avenue to-day and told him all about it. He rammed his hands down into his pockets and whirled around, and left me without saying good bye. Awfully rude sometimes, Tommy is. I wish he had a dot—or a title—or something.

Bless him. He **has** got something. He's got everything in the world I want except the things I **must** have.



10 A. M.

January 25th.

Martin Post, the artist, is coming in for tea to-day. He telephoned, and mother told him to come, but she said, after he rang off, that she thought she and his wife ought to exchange calls. He never talks about his wife, but I hear she's a suffragette person, enormously clever, but downright plain. I wonder how an artist ever came to marry a plain woman.

(Later) Same day.

7 P. M.

Mother forgot all about her Board Meeting when she told Mr. Post to come today, so she had to go off and leave me to entertain him. It wasn't so very hard. All he wanted was sympathy. He said he'd missed the sittings so,—that I'd brought something fresh and sweet into his empty days, and helped him to recapture his boyhood dreams, and that now, when I did not come, the studio seemed so dreary and forlorn that he couldn't work, couldn't even stay there with his loneliness.

He was so quiet and earnest that I felt uncomfortable, but I couldn't help being sorry for him, too, and he didn't really say anything I could object to—just lonesome, sad, hungry things. I guess he's had a very unhappy life. He asked me to walk with him in the Park, Friday morning. I didn't promise, but I'd like to hear what he'd say.

January 27th.

I didn't meet Mr. Post.—Wonder how long he waited and what he thought.

January 28th.

There is nothing doing in coronets, that is certain. Aunt Blanche has dropped back to the bourgeoisie, and I've had a perfectly absurd time with the little Count. He actually thought I wanted him. No sense of humor at all. Imagine an American man raving about his love for a girl, and positively weeping because he couldn't afford to let her have him **cheap**.

I tried to cheer him up; told him I wasn't haughty and languid enough for a Countess anyway, much too bouncy, and that I could never have learned French verbs. But he was deadly serious and apologetic, and went away thinking I was entirely disappointed. He's going to look around in St. Louis and Chicago, but he said he hoped we'd meet again when we both were "married and free." Nice way of looking at the married state for a fact!



January 29th.

Things seem so boresome. I go and go and go, and I'm looking terribly fagged—but it's



LESTER RALPH

© Edward Gross Co., N. Y.

Her Golden Hours  
The Studio



rather becoming, makes me sort of Duseish about the eyes.

I do wish something big would come along. I'm sure I'm capable of feeling wonderful things but there don't seem to be any to feel.

January 30th.

If I could only get at something; I want to feel and understand new things all the time, but the something worth while is always around the next corner.

I wonder if everybody feels this way. I don't believe Mother ever did, but then Mother isn't a fair sample. She's a darling, but she's just about as worldly wise as a blind kitten. I don't mean that disrespectfully, either. It's being what she is that makes her a love, but it doesn't make her a very practical sort of mother for me. At least, I don't believe it does. Maybe her way of just loving and letting things slide works out all right, but I can't help feeling that it would have been a good thing for me if she'd said "no" a little oftener. Perhaps if I could have gone to her and talked over anything that popped into

my silly head, I wouldn't have made so many fool mistakes; but, gracious, I wouldn't have mother know some of the things I know about this wicked world for anything. I'm as careful as can be about the novels I get from the Fiction Library for her.

Well, there you are; Grandma certainly brought her up in the good old-fashioned way, so protected, she didn't know there was anything to be protected from. And then Dad took on the protecting job, and Dad's an old angel—even if he has been grouchy lately. So mother's never been able to believe a girl would do anything wrong or think anything wrong—and the result is me!

I might have been exactly what I am if she'd been different. I'm sure I'd have been worse if she'd loved me less and nagged me more; but, if she could have loved me just as much and understood me a little better—Oh, well, I'm terribly fond of mother.



January 31st.

Mr. Post has been here again. He wants to

paint my portrait—for an exhibition. Mother's perfectly delighted. She adores showing me off, and having me admired—a bit of her own fancy work, like her filet crochet bed spreads. No wonder I'm vain.

February 1st.

I've had my first sitting for the portrait—am wearing "simple white." I'd have liked my nifty pink frock better, but Mr. Post says he wants to leave the problem to the face,—whatever he means by that.

February 2d.

Artists seem to feel things more than other people. I suppose if they weren't more sensitive in every way they wouldn't be geniuses. Mr. Post simply worships beauty.

February 3d.

We have wonderful talks at the studio. Mother doesn't have time to go with me often, and she says it isn't as if Mr. Post were younger and wasn't married.

To-day we talked about awfully serious things. Nobody ever talked to me about serious

things before—except Tommy, and Tommy's seriousness isn't a bit like Mr. Post's. I don't believe Tommy has a very sensitive soul. He doesn't **feel** the way an artist does. When he gets serious he's just awfully sensible and discouraging, but Mr. Post gives you all sorts of inspiring ideas. I can't understand all of them, but they're inspiring anyway.

February 4th.

It's queer about beauty and art, and all that. Artists think things are beautiful even when they look positively ugly.

That's why they paint such horrid things sometimes.

February 5th.

Mr. Post hates pretending. He thinks we ought to be sensitive to every kind of impression, like a photograph plate, and record **all** Life and **all** Beauty.—**Anyway**, they're the same thing,—and not have restrictions and barriers. You can't live right unless you give expression to your real self. That's the important thing, just expressing yourself and not being bound down by rules and conventions other people have made.

February 6th.

I should think things would get into a horrible muddle, if everybody went right to work and expressed himself without caring what other people thought—but Mr. Post says it's only the great free souls that can do it, and there aren't enough of them to hurt.

February 7th.



Tommy telephoned today—the first time he's peeped since the day he was so rude to me on the Avenue. If he thinks he can treat me any old way he pleases, and that I'll stand for it, he's mistaken. I hate people that are stubborn and won't even be nice to a girl because they know they haven't money enough to marry her. I understand just as well as Tommy does that I couldn't think of marrying him, but it wouldn't do any harm to discuss it.

February 8th.

My portrait's coming on splendidly, only I look sort of Kewpieish in it—just my face. My dress is positively childish. We talked about art

and beauty again to-day when we had tea. We always have tea after the sitting. Such a darling tea service, and the studio's always full of beautiful perfumed flowers.

Mr. Post has the most wonderful voice. It makes every little thing he sings sound as if he were making love to you.

February 10th.

It must be terrible to be unhappily married and have a wife who doesn't sympathize at all with one's soul life.

February 11th.

I'm desperately sorry for Martin Post. He's so noble and fine, and he needs love and sympathy dreadfully. His genius will be absolutely wasted if he has to go on struggling against coldness and criticism and soul loneliness. I don't see how a woman can be so heartless.

February 12th.

To-day when I came away from the studio, Martin took hold of both my hands and looked down into my eyes in the most desperate, hopeless way and said, "Oh child, child, my soul aches with the very sweetness of you!"

He was so miserable that I wanted awfully to comfort him, but I turned around and hurried away without even looking back.

February 17th.

I haven't been to the studio for days. Martin telephones, but I'm always engaged up to my eyebrows. Perhaps I'd better go. He may not have meant anything. Artists are different. It would be silly to let him think I misunderstood anything he said and was afraid to go back.

February 19th.

I've been for another sitting, but Martin couldn't work. He says he's been wild with self reproach, and that he never meant to let me know how much I meant to him, but that the thing had been too strong for him.

He's perfectly fine and splendid. He doesn't ask a thing of me, and he's so humble and sure of his unworthiness that I could cry over him.

All he wants is to see me often. It would make all the difference in the world to him. He

hasn't anything else. His life's been spoiled and he thought there was nothing in it for him till I came. Even his art had stopped meaning anything, too; but he feels he can do wonderful work if I will help him.

It would be splendid to inspire him to do great work, and make up to him a little for the way he's been hurt.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE HOUR OF DECISION

April 9th.

This diary hasn't been opened in ages. I've been too wretched and ashamed to write anything.

I was so sure I knew just what I was doing, and that I could trust Martin Post, and, all the time, it was only the old game. He wasn't humble and he wasn't noble and he didn't respect me. He was only playing on my vanity and ignorance. I could die of shame when I think how I fell for all his trashy sentiment, and how, little by little, he got me used to ideas that I'd have been shocked at, right at first.

I oughtn't to have gone to the studio alone. Down in my heart, I knew all the time that I oughtn't to do it; but mother thought it was all right, and I was interested and other things bored me and so—well it's all over now. I went one

day, and—no; I can't write down the things he said, but he made love to me and seemed perfectly astonished when I resented it and rushed off home.

There aren't any salamanders. Anybody that plays with fire gets burned. They're in luck if they don't get frizzled up completely.

Suppose I'd really fallen awfully in love with him as he thought I had! Oh, it makes me sick to realize what he must have thought of me!

I don't feel as if I could ever look Tommy in the face again. He doesn't seem likely to give me the chance.



April 10th.

Jimmy's speeding up lately, and I let him take me around a good deal. He makes love to me in such an out and out silly, boyish way,—all slang, and nothing about Life or Art or Souls.

April 11th.

Dad's ill or awfully worried or something. I can't think what's got into him. He's simply down on me, and he says we can take our choice

of spending the summer up on the farm or staying right here in town. Of course, I know I've been expensive this year, but there's Mr. Wilkes with four daughters out, and mother says he hasn't as good an income as Dad.

April 12th.

I had tea at the Filmore's to-day, just with Marie and her mother—only they don't drink tea. They have cocktails or sherry and biscuits, but there's always tea for anybody who wants it.

We were talking about all sorts of things and suddenly Mrs. Filmore said she'd been dining with the Posts, the night before. I felt myself turning scarlet, but I asked how she liked Mrs. Post, and she said the woman was a trump—so fine and clever and so patient and wise with her silly philanderer of a husband. That's what she called him, "silly philanderer."

She said he had the artistic temperament instead of horse sense, and was always running after models and foolish young things; and that Mrs. Post knew all about it, but just nursed him through the attacks and stuck by him because she realized he loved her after his fashion and

was absolutely dependent on her, and would go completely to smash if she should drop him.

I'm so ashamed, I can't bear to think about myself. He didn't even love me. I don't see how anybody could love me.



April 15th.

Tommy met me on 42nd Street this noon. He was going to luncheon, and I said I was hungry; so he took me to one of those bath-roomy places, all white tile and marble top tables. Paper napkins.

April 16th.

My picture has come out on the cover of the X magazine, and I'm miserable about it. It was made so long ago I'd forgotten all about it, and, anyway, I didn't know it would make me feel this way. I hate it and I hate myself and it's a horrible world altogether.

April 17th.

Tommy is simply furious and wretched about that magazine cover. He won't go down-

town on the subway because he can't stand seeing rows of me leering at everybody from all the newstands.

That's exactly the word he used, "leering." He says Post ought to be thrashed for exploiting a nice girl that way, and that he can't see what mother was thinking of to allow it; but mother's quite pleased and proud. She says the picture doesn't do me justice, but that it's very pretty, and she seems to think it's nice to give the public such a treat.

April 18th.

I simply **must** do something about Jimmy before long. He's sweet to me. He keeps me in flowers and candy and matinee tickets, and I'm sure he'd do that sort of thing to the end of my days; but he'd never have to deny himself a thing in order to do it. He'd just give orders. That's all.

Some way, when people have as much money as Jimmy has, they can't make their gifts really count. Now, when Tommy sends me a box of candy, I know he's gone without something himself to get it for me, and eating it is a

solemn rite. I kiss each piece and say "bless him" before I pop it into my mouth.

April 19th.

Aunt Blanche prodded mother into telling me she thought I'd be dishonorable to let Jimmy hope for so long and then throw him over.

I told her I'd keep from piling up any more dishonor by throwing him over at once. Then she telephoned and Aunt Blanche came over, and they both urged me to go on being dishonorable a while longer. All the same, I ought to put that infant child out of his misery, one way or another.



April 20th.

I don't believe rich people are much happier than poor ones. Little Jane Howard has a hedge of sweet peas coming up in her back yard, and she's getting more fun and excitement out of it than Blanche Wetherell ever got out of anything in her whole pampered, discontented life. I can see that—sometimes—but Tommy can't. He hasn't a spark of imagination.

April 21st.

I think it's downright mean of a man to be so sure a girl's vain and selfish and extravagant, that he won't even try to make her marry him unless he's rich.

April 22d.

I exploded a bomb at the breakfast table this morning. I told the family I was going to work.

Mother went straight up into the air, but Dad was quite interested. He said he was glad I had the right spirit, and that, if I wanted to prepare for any special sort of work, he'd see me through.

I wonder if Jimmy'd marry a working girl.

April 23d.

It's awfully hard to go to work when you don't know how to do a blessed thing. I never realized before what a useless thing I am.

April 24th.

I've decided to go on the stage. I'm pretty and I can dance and I'm going to see a manager right away, but I won't tell a soul about it till I have an engagement.

6 P. M.

April 27th.

Such a terrible thing has happened. Dad has been dreadfully hurt—an automobile—right at our corner. Two policemen brought him home.

He hasn't spoken and he doesn't know anyone. Two doctors and a nurse are in there now. He mustn't die. I couldn't bear it. I've tried to comfort mother, but she looks right through me and her face is ghostly. I didn't know she loved Dad that way.

7 P. M.

April 27th.

I come back and write, because I've got to do something. They won't let me help. No one thinks I could. I've always been so worthless. Oh, Dad! Dad!

8 P. M.

April 27th.

The doctor lets mother stay with Dad; but they sent me away. I must have been horribly selfish to be treated this way now. I suppose

there are girls everybody turns to at a time like this.

If Dad will only live. I'll be different. I'll show them. I never understood.



10 P. M.

Tommy's here. He came as soon as he heard,—about nine—I felt as if he might help, but when I went downstairs I couldn't say a word to him. I only began to cry and he put his arms around me just like Dad, and patted my back and called me little girl. And after I'd cried a while, he made me put on my coat and hat and walk round and round the block. I wouldn't go far away. When we came in, he sent me up to bed. He's sitting down in the Library, in case mother needs somebody.

2 A. M.

April 28th.

I can't sleep. I've just been to listen at Dad's door. There wasn't a sound. It's two o'clock now. I've never been awake at this time before unless I was dancing and larking, and to

think there were always people lying awake and suffering like this.

3 P. M.

April 28th.

Dad's no worse. Maybe he'll live. Nothing else makes a bit of difference. I can't see why I ever bothered about clothes and money and men and things like that.

6 P. M.

April 28th.

Grandma's wonderful. Dad's the last of her five sons, but she's so steady and strong that everybody—even mother—leans on her. I wonder how she learned to be so brave,—because she just **had** to, maybe. That's an awful way to learn.

May 1st.

It's a brand new world! It's a heavenly world! He's going to get well. The doctors are sure. He knows me and he calls me "Puddin'." I used to think it was a silly thing to call me, but I love it so, now, that it makes me cry when I write it.

2 P. M.

May 3d.

Mother says father's failed in business, and we've lost a lot of money. That's what has been worrying Dad all Spring. He'd heard, just before he started home, the day he was hurt, and he was so unhappy he forgot to be careful. He says he was wondering how he could ever tell us. As if money mattered!



10.30 P. M.

May 3d.

I'm so happy, I'd go up like a balloon if I didn't hold on to something, so I've been holding on to Tommy all evening to prevent accidents.

We love each other! We're engaged! He heard about Dad's failure and he took a taxi right up here. That's reckless for Tommy. He wouldn't propose while Dad had lots of money. He was sure it wouldn't be fair to let me marry him even if I'd be willing. Old silly!

He isn't sure, even now. He's afraid he can't make me happy, because he can't give me everything.

I can't make him understand that he **can**



give me everything that counts. Oh dear, I've an abominable reputation to live down. I'll have to

keep proving over and over and over again that I'm not a selfish idiot—but I'm going to do it.

May 3d.

I'm the most wretched girl in the world, instead of the happiest.

Mother came into my room to say good night, looking worried—about money, poor dear! She said she didn't know how we could live or what we could do, and I thought it would relieve her mind to know I was going to be off Dad's hands, so I told her not to worry a minute about me, for I was engaged.

She went all to pieces,—laughed and cried and hugged me and kissed me and blessed me and said I was an angel and that I'd saved the family, and that now Dad's mind would be so at rest, he'd get well fast. I never was so surprised in my life, but when she began telling me how glad she was, I'd never know poverty and could have all the luxury money could buy, I woke up and understood.

She thought I was engaged to Jimmy!

I tried to tell her she was mistaken, but she was too excited to listen, and just went on telling

me how I could make up to Dad for all he'd done for me, and how he had been so determined to make me happy that he'd lived extravagantly on my account; and, all of a sudden, I realized I hadn't any right to go ahead and be happy. I'd been selfish all my life and now it was up to me to sacrifice myself to Dad and Mother.

So I didn't tell mother the truth. I just let her kiss me good-night and go away radiant.

I'll write to Tommy, and I'll send for Jimmy,—and I wish I were dead!—but that's selfish, too.

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE HOUR DIVINE

11 A. M.

May 4th.



Dad is the most wonderful man in the world! I could lie down and let him jump on me. I never knew how big and honest and splendid he is, and I'm going to be just as much like him as I can, even if I am starting in late.

Mother didn't tell him about me last night. She was afraid of exciting him, so she waited until after he'd had his breakfast and his medicine this morning, and then she broke the joyful news to him.

He sent for me right away, and I went to his room, feeling like a martyr and trying to look like a girl engaged to a millionaire.

I was all screwed up to the sticking point, and when I saw Dad lying there so white and

weak, I was ready to sacrific myself and Tommy and Jimmy and every man I knew, for him. There isn't anyone quite like your own Dad.

He held out his hand to me and I leaned over and kissed him, and the nurse slipped out of the room, and there we were alone together.

Dad didn't throw fits of joy like mother. He just looked me straight in the eyes for a while, and then he said:

"Puddin', do you love Jimmy Wetherell the way a woman ought to love the man she marries?"

If he hadn't said "Puddin'," I believe I could have braced up and dodged, but that made me feel so sort of young and little and unhappy, that I only looked at him and got redder and redder and redder, without saying a word.

"Is there anybody you do love that way?" Dad asked.

I tried to say there wasn't, but I couldn't speak.

Dad nodded as if I'd told him all about everything.

"That's what I thought," he said. "Now,

child, listen to me. There's only one thing in the world to marry for. That's love. If you have enough of it and the man you love is a decent fellow who loves you, you'll know the very best things life has to give, no matter what hardships may come; but if you marry for money, you're selling yourself as completely as if you put yourself up at auction. You're outraging everything that's decent in you, and you are being absolutely unfair to the man you marry. There isn't a chance of real happiness for him or for you. You're spoiling two lives,—maybe more. Have you ever thought of the children you and the man you don't love may have? What chance have children in a loveless home?

And then there's the man you do love! How about his life?

And how do you think your mother and I would feel to see you selling out to the highest bidder, and leading the unhappy life you'd be sure to live, and probably landing in the divorce court? It would break our hearts, child."

I crumpled up completely at that, and be-

gan to cry. Here I'd been planning the whole horrid thing for him and he was perfectly disgusted with me.

He petted me and let me cry, and when I got through crying, he told me I must send for Jimmy and be honest with him and break the engagement at once.

That was too much. I made a clean breast of it—told him all about Tommy and mother and money and being a martyr and everything.

He was simply sweet.

"It's hard to be noble, isn't it, Puddin'?" he said, when I was through explaining, "but you wanted to do the unselfish thing. That's fine, even if you did have nobility sized up wrong.

"We aren't so hard-up yet, though, that any of the family's for sale. Mother didn't understand. Sometimes even love makes mistakes. It has to be harnessed up with horse sense. Remember that.

"Now you run along and send mother to me and telephone Tommy I want to see him to-night."

I've told mother and I've telephoned Tommy, and I'm so happy again that I'm scared. It isn't safe to feel so happy outside of Heaven.



12 M.

May 4th.

Mother's been in here to see me. She was darling. All she said was, "Oh, Betty, Betty! Are you sure you love him enough? **Must** it be Tom?"

I told her if it **wasn't** Tom I'd perish on her hands; and then she hugged me and cried over me some more, and said all she wanted was my happiness and, if I was sure Tommy would make me happy, she was satisfied.

So that's all right for a minute or two—but just wait till Aunt Blanche gets busy.

May 5th.

Aunt Blanche is wild.

She reasoned and commanded and stormed and scolded and wound up by defying me to give her one single, solitary sensible reason why I decided to marry that ridiculous boy.

There wasn't any use talking about love to Aunt Blanche.

I told her I was going to marry Tommy because he was the only man that had ever had the nerve to take me to lunch at Childs!

She almost slammed the door off its hinges.

May 6th.

I've told Jimmie. He's a little gentleman, if he does squinch up his nose. I could be an awfully affectionate sister to him.

10 A. M.

May 7th.

Aunt Blanche has asked father to see her alone, this evening. I hope she'll remember that he isn't very strong yet.

9 P. M.

May 7th.

Father stood right up to Aunt Blanche. He said he was delighted to think I had sense enough to pick out a boy like Tommy,—that he'd about decided I was utterly spoiled, that he guessed I'd had more backbone than he realized,



© Edward Gross Co., N. Y.

Her Golden Hours

Orange Blossoms



and that Tommy was a fine fellow and would get on if I'd do my share. Mother told me. I do simply adore Dad.

10 P. M.

May 7th.

Wouldn't it be horrible if I couldn't do "my share"—if I'm spoiled too deep down. I know it's going to be hard sometimes. I've always had such wrong ideas, and I do love spending money—but I couldn't marry anybody but Tommy. I couldn't possibly, and I won't make him unhappy. I simply **will not**. So there!



May 8th.

There was a sale of kitchen things at M's to-day. I went and looked at every blessed thing, and telephoned Tommy about them, but he said we'd better wait until we had a place to send things to. I suppose he's right—but regular twenty-five cent flour sifters were only eighteen cents.

May 12th.

I'm so excited I can hardly live! Tom's

going to take the whole day off and go with me to look at little houses on Long Island. I'm to meet him at the station at nine. I do wish Jimmie'd lend us his car. He would. He's that kind of boy—but I suppose it would be asking a good deal under the circumstances. Anyway, I like trains.

May 13th.

Came home nearly dead last night. Didn't decide on a house, but nearly decided on five. We're going over to Jersey next Saturday. We saw one place with the dearest garden, and I wanted it dreadfully, but Tommy said the roof leaked and the plumbing was bad and that it was so far from the station, he'd have to spend all day commuting. He's the most practical thing.

May 14th.

Grandma's embroidering towels for me. I'm perfectly crazy about towels.



May 15th.

Aunt Blanche has given up, but she's posi-

tively determined about one thing. She's going to save the family's face by giving me a wedding to match my debut. She says if I'm going to disgrace the family by grubbing all the rest of my life, we needn't advertise it by a grubby wedding. Grubbing! With Tommy!

May 16th.

I think country real estate agents are fine. They motor you all over for nothing. The lilac blossoms are out. I didn't realize Spring was so darling. Tommy thinks a long engagement is foolish. So do I.

May 17th.

We've had to give in about the wedding. Tommy loathes it and so does Dad, but Mother and I think it will be rather jolly, and after all, Aunt Blanche was ducky about my debut, and she's meant to be kind. So we're going to make a grand splash and then sink out of sight.

May 18th.

Tommy Wetherell is absolutely the greatest boy in the world. I don't believe I'll ever get used to him.

He's never told me anything about his sal-

ary, and I just had to know, so that I could plan things, and finally I jogged up my courage and said, "Tom Wetherell, I want to know how much money you're getting and how much we can afford to spend." It sounded as cold-blooded as Aunt Blanche, but it wasn't really. I didn't care how much he had, but I wanted to know, so I could settle down to the idea of it.

That angel lamb looked as shame-faced as if he'd stolen mother's spoons, and said he'd only saved \$2,500, and was only getting \$3,000 a year, but they were going to give him a raise in the Fall.

I almost collapsed. The very idea of his having all that money, and not proposing to me before! I was so furious with him that I couldn't find my voice for a minute, and he looked all broken up, and said he didn't wonder I was frightened and that he'd been a selfish brute to take advantage of me as he had, and that he wouldn't hold me to my promise. By that time, I'd got my breath and I said:

"Tom Wetherell, selfish brute doesn't half express it. If I'd ever had the faintest idea you

had as much as that, I wouldn't have given you a ghost of a chance. I'd have dragged you to the altar shrieking!"

Then we didn't talk any more for quite a while.



May 20th.

We're going to be married on the 10th of June. It doesn't seem possible. Sometimes I'm panicky. Suppose Tommy should turn out to be somebody else! Suppose I shouldn't be good enough to keep him happy!

May 23d.

Tommy's the maddest thing about our big wedding. He's going to be married by a bishop! I guess that will hold him for a while.

May 25th.

Six bridesmaids in orchid and pink. I'm so glad I'm good looking enough to choose pretty ones.

May 26th.

Tommy's cousin from Richmond, Virginia, is going to be best man. He's related in some

way or other to George Washington's wife, and it's a tremendous comfort to Aunt Blanche. She talks to everybody about my marrying into the old Southern aristocracy.

May 27th.

Celeste wants me to have a real short wedding dress with an awfully full skirt, and a short veil. I think it would be darling.

May 28th.

Everybody's entertaining for us. I'm a human peg top and Tom spins every evening. He'd lots rather sit on the couch down in the library with me, but we're going to have a couch and a library all our lives, and people are never going to make such a fuss over me again. Gracious! That's a sickening thought. "Quoth the raven, 'Never more!'" I hadn't realized that before. Never mind. Tom will make a fuss over me—and everybody'll entertain us again at least once after we're married.

May 29th.

My trousseau is going to be scrumptious, but I'm being practical and getting lots of things

that will last. They won't last forever, though. I wonder just how far \$3,000 does go. I do love pretty clothes.



May 30th.

We've almost decided to take a little flat in town, instead of a house with a garden in the country. It wouldn't be as nice Sundays, but Tommy could get home quicker. Someway, days all alone in a little house in the country sounds scaresome. Everything will be all right when Tommy's home; but I've always had such larks and—oh my stars, I'm taking my eye off the ball.

May 31st.

Jimmie gave us a dinner and dance at Sherry's last night. It was sweet of him, and everything was gorgeous, but Tommy wasn't jolly at all. I could have shaken him.

June 2d.

Presents cluttering up every room in the house! Everybody's too dear for words. Ten sets of individual salt shakers. I wonder if it's a joke.

June 3d.

I'm so tired, I can hardly wiggle, and I don't get a minute's time to be alone with Tommy or with Dad or with mother. I don't even get time to think. Maybe that's the idea in having all this wild-eyed flummadiddle before weddings. It's a system to prevent thinking. But I'm not afraid to think. The more I really think, the surer I am. It's a pity I have to spend all my time fluffing around.

June 4th.

Mrs. Filmore met me down town to-day. I hadn't seen her since my engagement, and I supposed she'd think I was a fool for marrying Tommy, but I don't know whether she does or not. She looked at me with that queer little smile of hers and said:

"It's sporty of you, Bettikens. The odds are against you, but I hope you'll pull it off. Someway or other I think you will. If you do, you've won the only big stakes in the world."

Think of Mrs. Filmore feeling that way! You never can tell.

June 8th.

My wedding dress has come home. I didn't get the short, full one. Tommy wouldn't listen to it. He said he didn't want a freak bride. He wanted one of the regular slim, clingy, trailly kind. I won't be as chic, but Callot's making lots of her frocks straight and clingy, and after all, it's Tommy's bride. That hadn't occurred to me before. Maybe Tommy **ought** to have some say about this wedding—but I guess I'd better not begin that way.

June 9th.

(Morning before the wedding day.)

We've had a rehearsal. The best man fell down the chancel steps and Tommy's scared half to death for fear he'll do it again the night of the wedding. He says you can't depend on a best man who falls down steps. That just as likely as not, he'd lose wedding rings.

All I'm afraid of is that he can't keep Tommy from running away at the last minute. It's awful not to have a reliable best man.

June 9th.

(Afternoon of day before the wedding.)

I've been up in Grandma's room. I believe she feels just the same way Mrs. Filmore does, about my marriage, only she says it differently. She's glad I'm going to do it, and a little bit afraid I won't make a success of it, and absolutely certain that if I do love Tommy enough, and he loves me enough, we'll have found the only real happiness in the world. I wish people didn't have doubts about me. It makes me have doubts about myself. I'm not a bit afraid about big things, but there are so many little things, and I believe you have to be lots more splendid to handle the little things than to handle the big ones. I won't mind a bit doing some great, showy economical thing, but when I have to watch the butter bill—Oh well, maybe Tommy doesn't like butter.

June 9th.

(Night before wedding.)

Everybody in the house kissed me good-night to-night—even Bella. It made me feel as if I were going on a terrible long journey.

Tommy went home early. I was all right as long as he stayed, but I haven't been so terrible gay since. Mother came up-stairs with me and fooled around until I was in bed, and then she tucked me in and kissed me good-night. She was so cheerful, it hurt—poor dear, and I didn't dare hold fast to her and beg her not to go, because I knew we'd both cry.

Anyone would think I was being bullied into marrying Tommy, instead of doing it in spite of everybody—including him.

I'm awfully happy, but I'm so used to home—and mother—and Dad—and Bella.

June 10th.

(Wedding morning.)

They won't let me get up. Everybody says I must rest until time to dress. That's exactly like the day of my debut; but I don't feel the way I did then. I can't rest any more than I could that day, but I'm "standing with reluctant feet" all right enough now—No; not exactly reluctant either—but not prancy.

I know more than I did that other day when I was **IT**; and I'm not half so sure I can run the world to suit myself,—but then, I don't want to run it to suit myself. I want to run it to suit Tommy.

11.30 A. M.

June 10th.

They've left me alone for a few minutes. I'm all dressed, and I'm trying not to think about anything except my train. It's tremendously long.

Mother's going to cry bucketfuls and I wouldn't trust Dad. I can hardly trust myself. I wish somebody'd come. I wonder where Tommy is. Maybe his best man's fallen downstairs and let the poor boy escape.

No; Tommy'll stick—through everything. There's no telling what he'll have to stick through though. I want dreadfully to make him happy, but, perhaps I won't know how. I haven't been brought up to be a wife. I've just been brought up to get married.

We'll have to love each other a lot. Well, we do. Who's afraid?

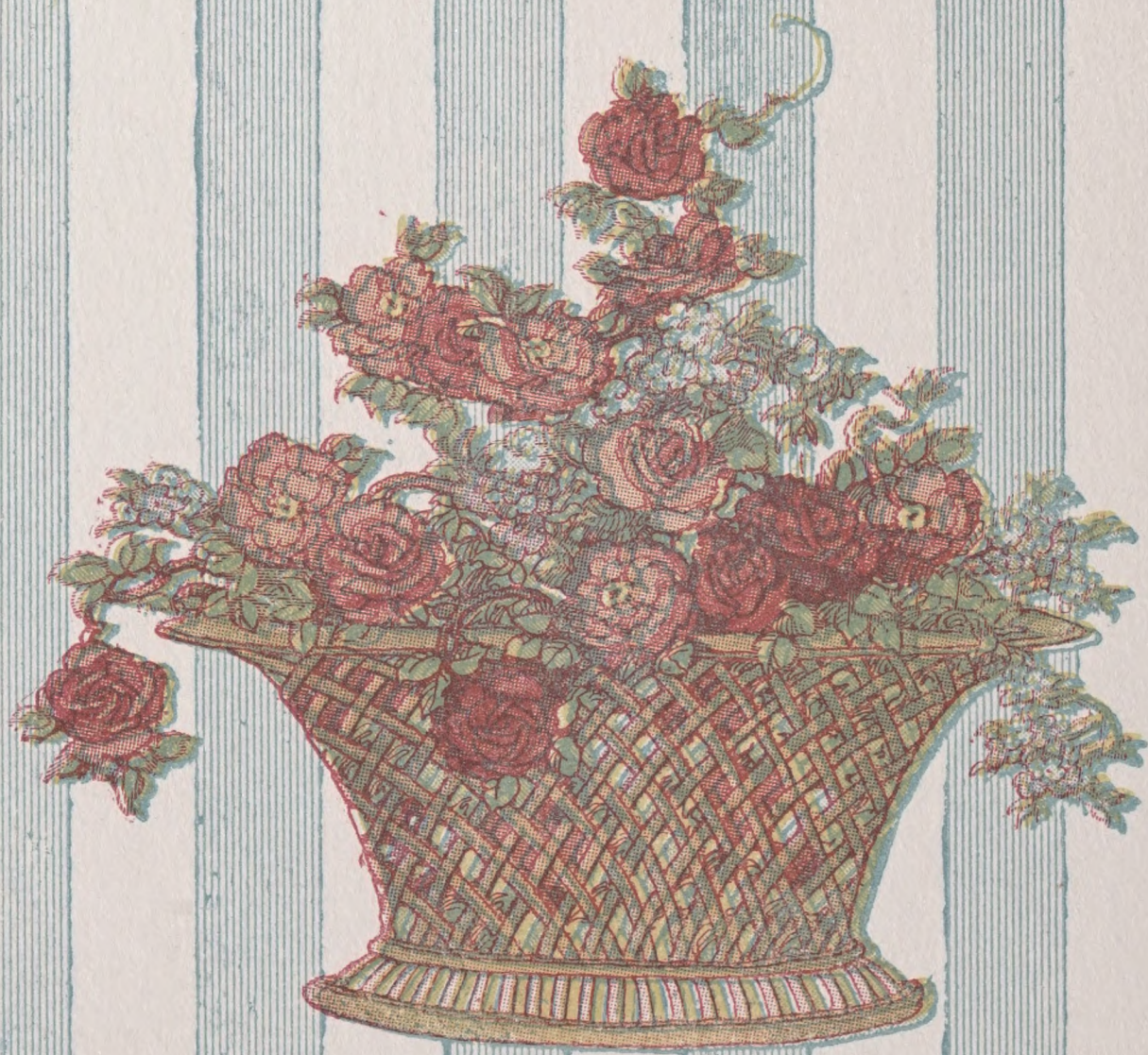
This is the last time I'll write in this diary. I'm going to lock it up and put it away.

Then I'll start a new one—without a lock!









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022109029